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the present was just now sufficient for his happiness. He had paid a debt doubly sacred. He had wholly redeemed his promise, and the honour of his companions was saved. Alas! they had great need of his generous extenuation. They returned a little time afterwards with empty hands. One had lost all his money by gaming, another in frivolous expenses, and the third had associated with a knavish musician, who had robbed him. Ernest wished to conceal their faults; but they could not consent to receive the thanks of the old man which they did not deserve.

"We have been guilty," said Christopher, "of as much frivolity in the affair as our comrade has shown of prudence and honour. We have no share in this, except that Heaven permitted our fault to be the means of your discovering your

godson some days earlier than you would otherwise have done. For his sake forgive us, and even allow us to ask for a small share of your regard."

Poor Peter Schlich pressed the hands of the three young men. They subsequently visited him occasionally, and spent the evening in the enjoyment of music, and partaking of the fruit that the orchard produced. The prince was delighted to hear that his young guest had found in the old musician a friend of his father, and would not allow them to speak of repayment. As for Peter Schlich, he would not have changed situations with his highness. After so many reverses, the old artist at length enjoyed repose; his last days were his best days. At his death, Pré Fleuri passed into the possession of Ernest and his mother.

### AMERICAN SCENERY—SAVAGE AND CLASSIC.

In the contemplation of American scenery, we may, with advantage, turn aside from the consideration of its distinctive objects and features, to meditate upon the condition of its scenes, as affected or unaffected by the encroaching steps of man. We may regard them as savage, or classic, and examine their efforts separately in the formation of character. In doing this, we may pass the barrier of eternal frost and barrenness, or retrace the steps of civilisation till we cross its bounds. History and art, happily for us, have been faithful to their trust, and have done much to preserve the natural features of our country. It is to be hoped that art will do more, and receive and transmit fresh impressions of the West to posterity, before the hand of culture shall have changed the native face of things.

The savage scenes of our country are varied and vast. Neither in the valley, nor on the mountain sides, nor yet on the prairie, has the toil of busy and all-subduing man broken up the solitude of wild nature. Savage scenes abound. When we speak of such scenes, we use the word "savage" in its natural sense—the unshorn earth. In doing so, however, we do not wish to be understood as saying, that by savage scenes we mean wild and terrible ones—such as would please the dark pencil of Rembrandt. They may be beautiful—spots where "the culprit fay" might find a seducing loveliness. They are the uncultivated places of the land—the untamed wastes of the earth.

Savage scenes, as thus defined, are rich and varied within our national domain. There is scarcely a river-head that does not know them. They line the banks of our rivers, they cluster along the margin of our lakes, and as noble studies, allure our artists to the mountain-side. They have a noble mission, and like the solitary audience-chamber of prayer, are admirably fitted to cherish the sense of God in the heart, impress us with the mystery of being, and withdraw man from inordinate devotion to business and art. A gallery of them would do much to give grandeur to our character—it would be a noble benefaction to the people.

The transition of savage scenery to classic, is, in our country, a pleasing object of study. It is gradual, and is made through the walks and hunting-grounds of the Indians. We cannot look upon them as an element of the classic. They are not our antecedents. Neither do they belong to the savage. They are elevated above such scenes by human associations.

Indian scenes, as thus viewed, present some striking points of interest. They are peculiar, and belong to a transplanted Asiatic civilisation. The historic traditions that invest them, the wars that give them a bloody character, and the singular and strong sympathy that subsists between the Indian character and the primeval forests, furnish studies of no common interest for the statesman, artist, and educator. The Indian and the wilderness deserve a higher place in our literature. The primeval homes of the red-man, rich in the traditions of his simple and daring life, are instructive subjects for freer pencils and pens than those that have yet touched them.

Thus, we are introduced to the *classic scenes* of our country

—scenes in which we are by no means poor, although we are a young people. Links of startling associations connect the cradle-homes of the States with savage and Indian spots, hallowed by endurance, stern faith, and the indomitable Saxon will, and the national birth with a patriotism and heroism almost free from the stains of wrong and unnecessary outrage that have marked the convulsions of the Old World.

When we speak of classic scenes in this connexion, we mean something more than a cultivated valley, or a garden reared on the hill-side. Culture alone does not make a scene classic. The savage scenery on the Willamette would not be changed, so as to assume this new character, by the addition of a hut, or even a mansion, adorned with all the appendages of comfort. A classic scene is one that has been raised above rude nature, and the walks of ordinary men, by noble deeds or associations—the deeds or associations of representative men, or those dear to fame. Such scenes have an instructive significance, and do much to form the character of a people. Plymouth Rock is a tower of strength, and to it the descendants of our pilgrim fathers will turn, as the Jews turned to Moriah. The birthplace and family residence and grave of Washington have a classic interest for us, which Stratford-upon-Avon never can have for England, nor Abbotsford for Scotland.

The classic scenes of our country, like all its other features, are distinctive. They are fresh, and gather about them, not the memories of extinct or crumbling institutions, but the associations of the first noble deeds of a free and hopeful people. Few traditions overshadow them in a cold and gloomy atmosphere of wrong and outrage. Few deeds of cruelty people them with the dread spectres of blood and superstition. Wyoming, and the fancies of witchcraft, and the trails of Indian warfare, are little more than the incidents that waited on our national birth. They are ennobled by deeds of heroism and the lives of true and honest patriots; by free and promising institutions, and by the recorded and living elements of a civilisation, in which individual man has gained his long-sought position, and is the central interest of the state. Humanity takes to itself institutions as things made for it, and goes forth in "freedom, loosened from the world," to render classic the scenes of its encampments.

At this point the principle with which we opened our remarks, and which pervades their several parts and illustrations, returns upon us. There is a formative power in the physical scenery of a country that impresses itself upon the hearts of the people, and imparts its distinctive features to their character.

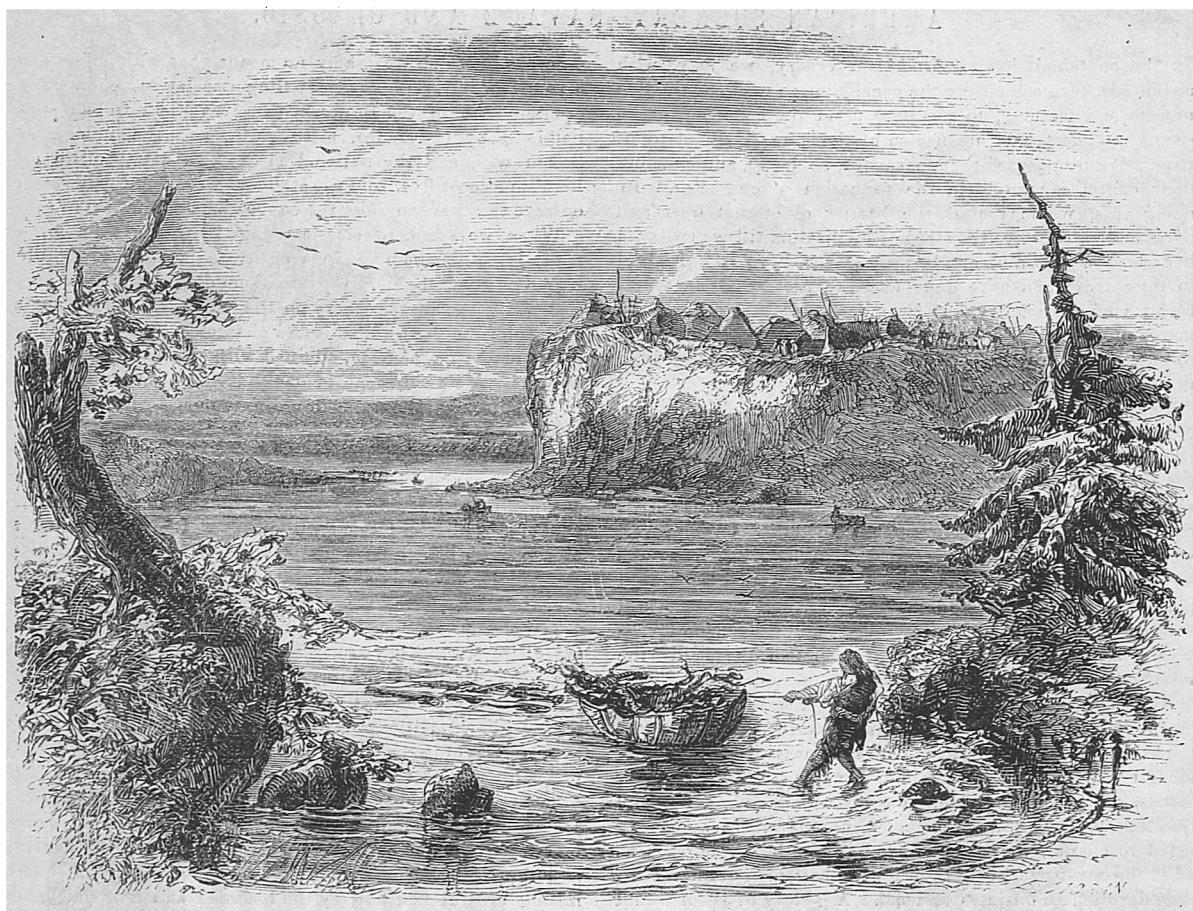
This, we feel, is the point of greatest importance to the statesman and educator, and, if we mistake not, the point which the artist, in self-forgetfulness, should render in all his lessons. For what are lakes and hills and forests, or their varied disposition in the wilds of nature, or on the canvas, unless they have a meaning for us—unless they represent to us the character of beauty and grandeur and power and happy relations impressed by God on our country and affected by our climate?

But how is the principle to be defined, and its application studied? We confess there are difficulties here. We have no historic antecedents to which we can look. The notions of the Old World grew up from barbarism, in the scenes which witnessed their subsequent civilisation. They grew up, too, in the gloom of spectral and crushing traditions, more hurtful to their minds than the malaria of untilled marshes to their bodies. They grew up in passive subjection to the forces of nature, and, in the early stages of their existence, peopled the woods and mountains with terrors that have ever haunted them like passions. We, on the other hand, entered upon our inheritance as a civilised people, armed from our cradle with scientific power to subject the forces of nature. We have grown up in free mastery over mountain and stream. The frame saw-mill is reared on the upland plateau, and beside the mountain torrent prepares timbers for the thunder-

national and individual character. Definite and discriminated scenes are to be brought to view.

We propose, as favourable opportunities may present themselves, to preserve, at least, the memories and associations of our scenery as it has been, and enable subsequent generations to see the written and pictured shadows of the scenes in which our national character was formed. The childhood of a nation, like the childhood of an individual, originates its distinctive features. Perhaps we shall do more than this. The truant heart of a people may be recalled from the engrossing cares of business and the sensuous shows of humbled and debased art, to their first love for the rivers and lakes and mountains of their native land, so much and so long forgotten.

"O my native land,  
How should'st thou prove aught else but dear and holy



A MANDAN VILLAGE. AN INDIAN SCENE ON THE UPPER MISSOURI.

ing ear. As a natural consequence of this state of things, and the relation of our national character to our national inheritance, when we entered upon it, we are a people unusually free with nature. The rich, bold, varied, fertile, vast, and picturesque scenery of the country is transferred at once to the mind and heart, and is used with a restlessness and inventive activity in building up a character strikingly distinguished by free, daring, individual action. The man and the resources of the man are about to be developed on a scale that will unite the distinctive features of Europe and Asia, and perfect them by the restoration of unity to the human race.

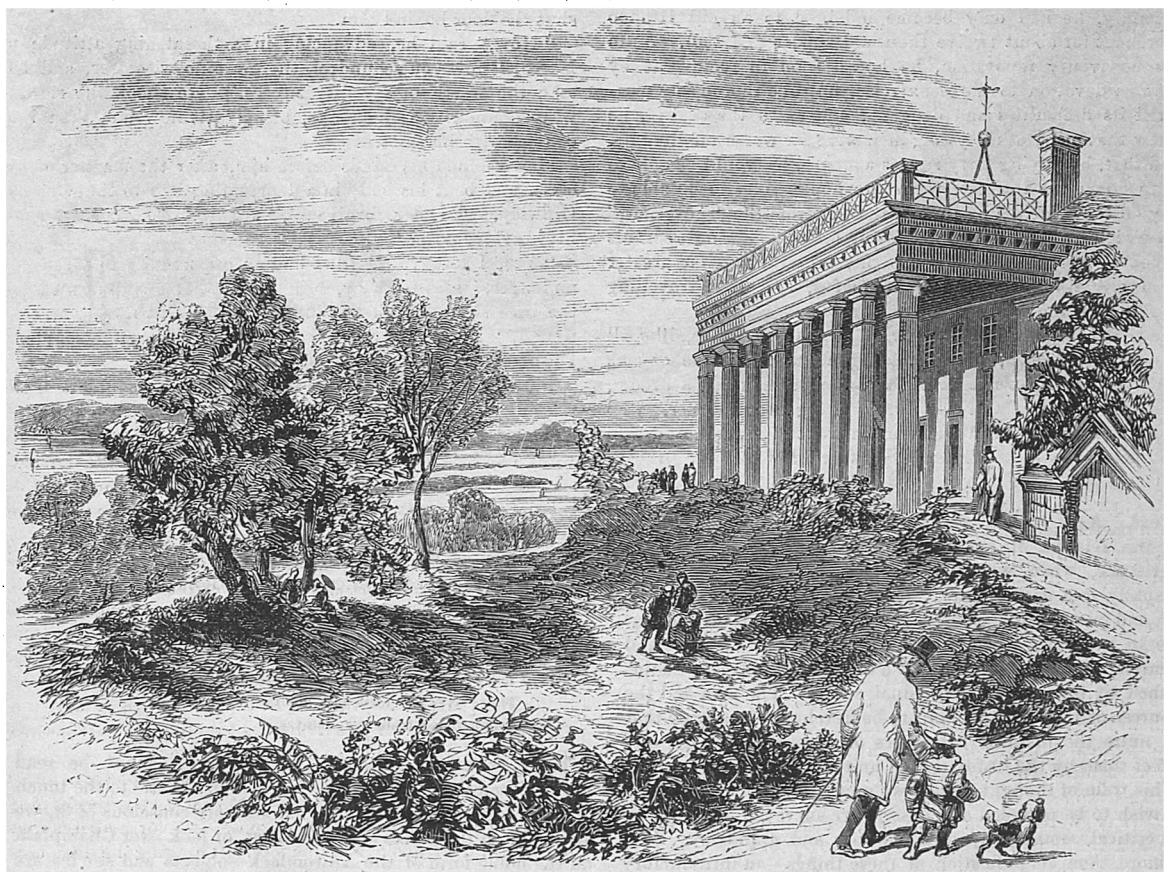
This train of thought, which we now draw to a close, we do not wish to be regarded as a descriptive survey of our scenery, or a critical comment upon its beauties and grandeur. It is no more than an indication of these things—an introductory lesson on the influence of physical scenery in the formation of

To me, who, from thy lakes and mountain hills,  
Thy clouds, thy quiet dales, thy rocks and seas,  
Have drunk in all my intellectual life,  
All sweet sensations, all ennobling thoughts,  
All adoration of the God in nature,  
All lovely and all honourable things,  
Whatever makes this mortal spirit feel  
The joy and greatness of its future being?  
There lives nor form nor feeling in my soul  
Unborrowed from my country."

These truthful sentiments of Coleridge cannot be read without emotion. The leaves of memory rustle to the touch of early loves, and, before we are scarcely conscious of it, we are again on the banks of the Hudson, or look over Champlain on the noble form of the Adirondack—objects and scenes are recalled, and put us in remembrance of where we live.



THE RAPIDS OF THE NIAGARA, ABOVE THE FALLS. A SAVAGE SCENE.



WASHINGTON HOUSE, MOUNT VERNON. A CLASSIC SCENE.